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THE CHOLERA.

How to Control or Prevent It.

The following letter from Dr. Hamlin, for many years a missionary at Constantinople, and whose experience in treating cholera extended through three visitations of that disease in Turkey, may be advantageously read at present:

DEAR SIR: The cholera, which has just left us, after committing fearful ravages, is making its way into Europe, and will probably cross the Atlantic before another season has passed.

Having been providentially compelled to have a good deal of practical acquaintance with it, and to see it in all its forms and stages during each of its visitations at Constantinople, I wish to make my friends in Maine some suggestions which may relieve anxiety or be of practical use.

1. On the approach of cholera, every family should be prepared to treat it without waiting for a physician. It does its work so expeditiously that, while you are waiting for the doctor, it is done.

2. If you prepare for it, it will not come. I think there is no disease which may be avoided with so much certainty as the cholera. But providential circumstances, or the thoughtless indiscretions of some member of a household, may invite the attack, and the challenge will never be refused. It will probably be made in the night, your physician has been called in another direction, and you must treat the case yourself or it will be fatal.

CAUSE AND SYMPTOMS.

3. Cause of attack.—I have personally investigated at least a hundred cases, and not less than three-fourths could be traced directly to improper diet, or to intoxicating drinks, or to both united. Of the remainder, supposed perspiration would comprise a large number. A strong healthy, temperate laboring man had a severe attack of cholera, and to ascertain the cause. He had been cautious and prudent in his diet. He used nothing intoxicating. His residence was in a good locality. But after some hours of hard labor and very profuse perspiration he had laid down to take his customary nap, right against an open window, through which a very refreshing breeze was blowing. Another cause is drinking freely of cold water when hot and thirsty. Great fatigue, great anxiety, fright, fear, all figure among exciting causes. If one can avoid all these he is as safe from the cholera as from being swept away by a comet.

Symptoms of attack.—While cholera is prevalent in a place, almost every one experiences more or less disturbance of digestion. It is doubtless in part imaginary. Every one notices the slightest variation of feeling, and this gives importance to mere trifles. There are often a slight nausea, or transient pains, or rumbling sounds, when no attack follows. No one is entirely free from these. But when diarrhea commences, though painless and slight, it is in reality the skirmishing party of the advancing column. It will have at first no single character of Asiatic Cholera. But do not be deceived. It is the cholera nevertheless. Wait a little, give it time to get hold, and it will soon pass off, and in a short time you will repeat the story of your folly in vain. I have known many a one to commit suicide in this way.

Sometimes, though rarely, the attack commences by vomiting. But in whatever way it commences, it is sure to hold on. In a very few hours the patient may sink into the collapse. The hands and feet become cold and purplish, the countenance at first nervous and anxious, becomes gloomy and pathetic, although a mental restlessness and raging thirst torments the sufferer, while the powers of life are ebbing away; the intellect remains clear but all the social and moral feelings seem wonderfully to collapse with the physical powers. The patient knows he is to die, but cares not a snap about it.

In some cases, though rarely, the disturbance continues for a day or two, and the patient keeps about, then suddenly sinks, sends for a physician, and before he arrives "dies as the fool dieth."

COURSE OF TREATMENT.

1. For stopping the incipient diarrhea.—The salutarine which I used in 1843, with great success, and again in 1855, has during the epidemic been used by thousands, and although the attacks have been some sudden and violent, it has fully established its reputation for efficiency and perfect safety. It consists of equal parts, by measure, of ipecacuanha and spirits of camphor, with tincture of

rhubarb. Thirty drops for an adult, on a lump of sugar, will often break the diarrhea. But to prevent its return, care should always be taken to continue the medicine every four hours in diminishing doses—twenty-five, fifteen, ten, nine—when careful diet is all that will be needed.

In case the first dose does not stop the diarrhea, continue to give increasing doses—thirty-five, forty, forty-five, sixty—at every movement of the bowels. Large doses will produce no injury while the diarrhea lasts. When that is checked, then is the time for caution. I have never seen a case of diarrhea taken in season, which was not thus controlled, but some cases of advanced diarrhea, and especially a relapse, paid no heed to it whatever. As soon as this becomes apparent I have always resorted to this course: Prepare a teaspoon of starch boiled as for use in starching linen, and stir into it a teaspoonful of laudanum for an injection. Give one-third at each movement of the bowels. In one desperate case, abandoned as hopeless by a physician, I could not stop the diarrhea until the seventh injection, which contained nearly a teaspoonful of laudanum. The patient recovered, and is in perfect health. At the same time I used prepared chalk in ten-grain doses, with a few drops of laudanum and camphor to each. But whatever course is pursued, it must be followed up or the patient is lost.

2. Mustard Poultices.—These should be kept up to the pit of the stomach and applied to the surface is well relieved.

3. The patient, however, he may feel, should rigidly observe perfect rest. To lie quietly on the back is one half of the battle. In that position the enemy fires over you, but the moment you rise you are hit.

When attack comes in the form of a diarrhea, these directions will enable every one to meet it successfully.

4. But when the attack is more violent, and there is vomiting, or vomiting and purging, perhaps also cramps and colic pains, the following mixture is far more effective, and should always be resorted to. The missionaries, Messrs. Long, Trowbridge and Washburne, have used it in very many cases, and with wonderful success. It consists of equal parts of ginger, and tincture of cardamom seeds. Dose, thirty to forty drops, or a half teaspoonful in a little water, and to be increased according to the urgency of the case. In case the first dose should be rejected, the second, which should stand ready, should be given immediately after the spasm or vomiting has ceased. During the late stage, no one of us failed of controlling the vomiting, and also the purging, by, at most, the third dose. However, however, made use of large mustard poultices, of strong, pure mustard, applied to the stomach, bowels, calves of the legs, feet, etc., as the case seemed to require.

TREATMENT OF COLLAPSE.

Collapse.—This is simply a more advanced stage of the disease. It indicates the gradual falling off of all the powers of life. It is difficult to say when a case becomes hopeless. At a certain point the body of the patient begins to emit a peculiar odor, which I call the death odor, for when that has become decided and unmistakable, I have never known the patient to recover. I have repeatedly worked on such cases for hours, with no permanent result. But the blue color, the cold extremities, the deeply sunken eyes, the vanishing pulse, are no signs that the case is hopeless. Scores of such cases in the recent epidemic have recovered. In addition to the second mixture, brandy (a teaspoonful every half hour), bottles of hot water, surrounding the patient, especially the extremities, sinapisms, and friction, will often, in an hour or two, work wonders.

Third.—In these, and in all advanced cases, thirst creates intense suffering. The sufferer craves water, and as soon as he gratifies the craving, the worst symptoms return, and he falls a victim to the transient gratification. The only safe way is to have a faithful friend or attendant who will not heed his entreaties. The suffering may be, however, safely alleviated and rendered endurable. Frequent gargling of the throat and washing out of the mouth will bring some relief. A spoonful of gum arabic water or of camomile tea may frequently be given to wet the throat. Lyndham's White Decoction may also be given, both as a beverage and nourishment, in small quantities, frequently. In a day or two the suffering from thirst will cease. In a large majority of cases it has not been intense for more than twenty-four hours.

Diet.—Rice-water, arrowroot, Lyndham's White Decoction, crust water, camomile tea are the best articles for a day or two after the attack is controlled.—Camomile is very valuable in restoring the tone of the stomach.

The Typhoid Fever.—A typhoid state for a few days will follow all severe cases. There is nothing alarming in this. It has very rarely proved fatal. Patience and careful nursing will bring it all right. The greatest danger is from drinking too freely. When the patient

seemed to be sinking, a little brandy and water, or arrowroot and brandy have revived him. In this terrible visitation of cholera, we have considered ourselves perfectly armed and equipped, with a hand-bag containing mixture No. 1, mixture No. 2 (for vomiting, &c.), a few pounds of powdered camomile, a bottle of brandy, a paper of camomile flowers, and a paper of gum arabic.

THE JUDGMENT.

BY A. FOGLE.

A little wisdom, now and then, takes out of us a great deal of sorrow.

Two men, and the sun in bright splendor arose.

For the last time disturbing kind nature's repose.

And driving before him the legions of night—Clothed each in the glittering mantle of light.

The light came as a spirit, the wind breathed as a soul.

The stream applied on—gay as ever its flow.

And man, of emotion, the rightly crowned lord.

Still ceased not his scheming. The glittering sword

Hang dangling at ease, or uplifted in fight.

To struggle for wrong, or to battle for right.

The former fighting, scatter his grain—

And now, but the harvest comes never again!

The miter is coming, in ghastly guise.

The board he has gathered from poverty's

need—

Unconscious his treasure must soon pass away

And leave him ALONE in that mystical day.

Up from the belt—his dark den of vice.

Where virtue is bought—dishonor the price!

Come up the long lath of sin-cursed cane!

Sin on the dark day of vengeance is slain!

Sin on the Almighty has written your doom.

Too long you have waited repentance deferred.

Till now 'tis too late, Her Judgments word!

"For him that is good, be good, is my will,

And he that is filthy, be filthy still!"

In his closet, the Christian is kneeling this

morning!

On the plains of faith his petition is borne,

Far up to the skies, to the father of love.

"May thy Kingdom, Lord, in all fulness, soon

come,

Till thy will on earth, as in Heaven, is done;

Forgive me my sins, as I others forgive;

Oh teach me to die—teach me to live!"

Ah! see as you utter a gaily-dressed throng.

Behold the spirit of gladness borne out in their

song!

Hush! There in the beauty and bloom of her

life,

Stands the fair young bride who will never be

a wife.

Ah! that is that sound that now falls on the

ear!

Like the peal of the thunder when the storm-

clouds are near!

Tis the angel of God! Hear the dreadful com-

mand!

"Delay is no longer; the time is at hand!

Let the work ye nations receive a reward!

Of which all ye have done, at the hands of the

Lord!

Come forth slumbering trillions! And quick-

ly uprose.

An innumerable host from their deathly re-

pose.

O, what a gathering there was that day,

From East, North, South, West, and every

way!

And earth was so crowded for want of room,

She had to call in the help of the moon.

See! the Judge has descended, and taken his

seat!

And earth's motley millions are bowed at his

feet!

The Angel of Mercy, his mission o'er,

Is banished from earth to ply his rod;

While Justice, his sword of evening held high,

Descends in wrath from the hot, melting sky.

And the Book that contains the doom of

each man,

Reforested and written before earth began,

Reveals his approach. And all things prepared—

Even the pious old deacons seemed won-

drously awed!

"John Smith," says the Lord, "I see you're in

trouble!"

"You're one of the elect that's writ in this

book!

And quickly to Heaven there started a train

Of a million or two that answered that strain.

But alas! like the dream-like building loon,

They counted their chickens a moment too

soon!

For out of this almost innumerable host

Just twenty were saved—and the others were

lost!

Now on toward eve, when the day was most

through,

To be yet judged there remained only two.

Then up spoke the Lord, to make the elect

There lacked but one, as I do not respect

The person of any, I will save the one

Who on earth the worstest deed has done."

Then up stepped the richer, and haughtily

spoke.

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And driving before him the legions of night—Clothed each in the glittering mantle of light.

The light came as a spirit, the wind breathed as a soul.

The stream applied on—gay as ever its flow.

And man, of emotion, the rightly crowned lord.

Still ceased not his scheming. The glittering sword

Hang dangling at ease, or uplifted in fight.

To struggle for wrong, or to battle for right.

The former fighting, scatter his grain—

And now, but the harvest comes never again!

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Unconscious his treasure must soon pass away

And leave him ALONE in that mystical day.

Up from the belt—his dark den of vice.

Where virtue is bought—dishonor the price!

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Till thy will on earth, as in Heaven, is done;

Forgive me my sins, as I others forgive;

Oh teach me to die—teach me to live!"

Ah! see as you utter a gaily-dressed throng.

Behold the spirit of gladness borne out in their

song!

Hush! There in the beauty and bloom of her

life,

Stands the fair young bride who will never be

a wife.

Ah! that is that sound that now falls on the

ear!

Like the peal of the thunder when the storm-

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Tis the angel of God! Hear the dreadful com-

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GOOD TEMPLAR'S COLUMN.

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DEPPEN'S

CLOTHING HOUSE,

CORNER FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.

FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT on First Floor.

Four Cutters in the Custom Department.

Special Attention Paid to Orders from the Country.

Admit a bottle to their sideboards or

drink as a beverage intoxicating liquor,

however moderately.

Mothers who die without a thorn in the

pillow of death, are not those who gave

anction to the use of ardent spirits among

their children.

A young lawyer recently offered a resolu-

tion in a Sunday-school—"That a

committee of ladies and gentlemen be

appointed to raise children for the Sab-

bath-school."

A BRIDAL WINE CUP.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1873.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
FOR STATE TREASURER,
J. W. TATE,
OF FRANKLIN.
FOR STATE SENATE,
Hon. T. W. VARNON,
OF LINCOLN.
FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
Dr. T. B. MONTGOMERY,
OF LINCOLN.

THE SENATORIAL CANDIDATE.

The irrepressible conflict is on the war-path. Who do not say, on the war-path again, for he has never been off, within the recollection of that mysterious person who goes by the name of the oldest inhabitant. As a distinctive feature of his universal candidacy, we cannot say, in the popular language of the day, that it is either epidemic or endemic. We might say it is chronic, if that were not too common a word for a first-class journal to use; likewise chronic makes us think of diarrhea and other noxious diseases, and we would not place ourselves in the awkward attitude of saying that the great ALEXANDER is afflicted with anything of the sort. For lack of a better word, we will say that his candidacy is indigenous; that is, it is that it is originally born or produced of his own brain. No sane man ever inculcated him with the purpose to become a standing candidate. It is a beautiful creation of his own cultivated fancy. What his purpose hitherto has been in running once or twice every year for some office or other, is one thing past finding out; unless it be simply for the fun of running. He was never elected but once, and then, through charity, the people of Boyle sent him to the Legislature. Actuated by the same noble sentiment, we will, for the present, draw the veil over the record he made there. We desire to be respectful to Col. Sneed in all we may have to say about him, for two reasons: First, it is right to be respectful, and we are for the right; second, he has informed us, in the outlet, that he intended to hold all newspaper men personally responsible who did not do him right. Now people may find the governing feature of our respectful bearing is either reason they choose; but as for us, we know which side of our brain is better.

All joking aside. What is the purpose of Mr. Sneed's candidacy? He assumes, as we understand, to be a Democrat; at least four years ago he was a candidate for the State Senate, in this district, as an independent Democrat, opposing Col. Breckinridge, the nominee of his party, on the ground of Breckinridge's advocacy of the negro testimony act. Two years ago he was defeated in Boyle for the House of Representatives, by Col. Hawkins, in a primary election of the Democratic party. To-day he favors the election of Beddow, in an animated contest in Boyle, for Representative, between McFerran, Democrat, and Beddow, Radical. His course indicates that he, if not already a converted Radical, is rapidly laying the foundation to step over into that party. He has no hope himself, of defeating Mr. Varnon—that is not his game. He only proposes to run as an independent Democrat, hoping to carry with him as many Democrats as possible, and is cognizant that a few days before the election, the Radicals will put forth a candidate, and by virtue of the division he will create, secure the election. His plan is very thin—in fact it is transparent. Nobody will be deceived but native Alex. I. The Democratic party of this district, and in fact all over the State, is tired of bolters and disorganizers. That is a game that is played out, and well played out. No true Democrat favors such shabby procedure. We now record the prediction, that if he should continue the race until the day of election, not fifty sound Democrats in the District will vote for him. Probably if the election should come off to-day or within a week, the result might be different; but the people will not be slow to discover that Col. Sneed is simply used as a cat's paw. This much we venture to say now, at the risk of that little "personal responsibility."

A Mistake.

The death of Dr. W. H. McCuthey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia, worked a vacancy, which it was the duty of the Board of Visitors to fill. Among the several applicants for the vacant position was N. K. Davis, president of Bethel College, located at Russellville, Ky. His application was favorably noted, and he was elected to the position.

The Courier-Journal, of last Tuesday, fell into the error of publishing a dispatch, which stated that the successful applicant was president N. K. Davis, of Berea College, Ky. This College is located in Madison county, Ky., and if we are correctly informed, is specially set apart for the education of negroes. Its president was imported from Ohio for this peculiar work. It is scarcely probable, may it be not possible, that the president of a negro school of learning would be called to fill the chair of that noble institution of learning, the University of Virginia.

A BRIEF dispatch announces that the Mohammedans of Bosnia, Turkey, are perpetrating some atrocious crimes. One hundred and seventy Christians have recently been murdered, and a large number of lesser outrages committed. Many Christians have been forced to leave the country.

GOVERNOR LESLIE is on a three weeks' visit to the East.

The Day We Celebrate.

Who does not know that this is the 4th of July, 1873—the Ninety-Seventh Anniversary of American Independence? Is it, or not, a propitious circumstance, that the 4th and our regular publication day are one and the same? The accident of the coincidences may, or may not, potent something! At any rate, the fact of the publication is a happy testimonial to the sanctity of the great American Sabbath. For, as an offshoot of the Declaration, we have the Constitutional guaranty of freedom of the press; and being free, we propose, in a very brief way, to speak of the 4th of July as we please—that is to say, that the 4th of July has practically turned out to be a humbug. The Declaration is a good thing theoretically, while practically, but it has either lost, or been robbed of, its latter good quality. For more than four score years, the annual recurrence was marked by bonfires, illuminations, liberty-poles, flag-raising, music, banners, good whiskey, good eating, and the most exuberant patriotism. The finest specimens of sky-scraping oratory have come down to us, as perpetuated evidence of the sublime delight our forefathers took in flaunting the picture of our free institutions in the very face of that terrible monster, the British Lion. Even to-day, the school boys at all the academies and colleges, are toying with the beard of the venerable animal, and making their doting parents, uncles and maiden aunts shiver over the depicted hardships of Valley Forge. This has been the custom, and will likely continue to be on a small scale, since school-boys and effervescing patriots must have a chance, now and then, to "air their rhetoric." Moreover, it would not do to suffer the name of John Adams to become linked with the infamy of false prophecy. For, has not Daniel Webster put it into his mouth, that all patriots would celebrate this day with joy, thanksgiving, bonfires and illuminations?

Death of James R. Grant.

The father of President Grant died in Covington, Ky., on the evening of the 28th ult., in the 80th year of his age. Enfeebled by the weight of many years, he steadily yielded to the effects of a paralytic stroke, received some months previous to his death.

Mr. Grant was a native of Pennsylvania. His parents were Scotch emigrants, who had settled in the colony of Pennsylvania some years previous to its organization as a State. He had been married fifty-two years, and was the father of six children. The Cincinnati Commercial thus describes him:

"The figure of Mr. Grant was one that would attract attention on the street. Large framed, massive, and still age had bent his form, the hair, a head and shoulders above his brethren, moving along with an abstracted air, and taking little or no note of the curious gaze that scrutinized him as he passed. There was that about the square set features, and in the firm lines of the mouth, which impressed one with a sense of real power in the man, and made one look a second time and closer at the man. His head was large and set upon a stout, broad pair of shoulders. The face was a clear, clear and gray, with a wise, deliberate expression in them, and no more likely to betray the feelings of the man than the strong-lined and decided mouth."

"Dressed in a plain, cloth suit—a frock coat made with small regard to the prevailing fashion, and slouch pants coming down over low-cut shoes. The face was covered with a fine, close, white hair, and a cotton umbrella under his arm. Mr. Grant was one of the most remarkable figures seen on the street of a pleasant offering."

Mr. Grant had a much of rhyming, and threw off his verses, some of which had a good deal of dry wit, with great ease. Some of his lines have found their way to print. He amused himself by writing rhymed letters, and for a man of his advanced age, carried on a pretty extensive correspondence. His only writing for the press was a series of autobiographical and family sketches, printed in the New York Ledger some years ago. Mr. Grant was a good citizen and a pleasant neighbor, though a man not to be compelled or easily thwarted. He had tenacity of purpose and a stubborn will, which secured itself and carried it over in a plain, simple, and unassuming way to this strong will power as such as in constitutional endurance that he so long retained clear-headedness and the sane management of his affairs with equal hand at the door of the palace and the cottage."

Horrible Death by Kerosene.

Here we have to chronicle the death of two young ladies, the result of recklessly handling coal oil. On the 26th ultimo, a young lady, aged about fourteen, daughter of Mr. Phillips, of Rockcastle county, while trying to kindle a fire in a stove, poured coal oil on the burning fuel. Instantly the oil in the stove was ignited, when the coal exploded, literally covering the unfortunate creature with the flaming liquid. Her sister, older than herself, ran to her assistance, but her clothing was soon in flames also. Both were so badly burned that they died in a few hours, and were buried in the same grave.

Will the reader take warning from their terrible fate, or will he take the chances, and do the same foolish trick?

The Liquor Act.

By an act of the last Legislature, the Judge of the Lincoln county court was directed to cause a poll to be opened to take the sense of the qualified voters of the county on what is known as the Whiskey Act, whenever a petition signed by one hundred citizens of the county was presented to him, praying the holding of such election. The Act referred to has, from time to time, been published in this paper, and likewise appears in this issue.

Last week a petition, signed by one hundred and sixty-five citizens of the county, was presented to the Judge of the county court, and in order that neither the friends nor opponents of the measure may be taken by surprise, we publish a full copy of the order calling the election, as appears from the official records, also the proclamation of the sheriff, giving the required notice.

ORDER JUDGE LINCOLN CO. COURT.

June 27th, 1873. On this day, June 27th, 1873, a petition, signed by one hundred and sixty-five citizens of Lincoln county, was presented to the undersigned, Judge of the county court for the county aforesaid, framed pursuant to an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, passed April 19th, 1870, and entitled "An Act to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in Lincoln county, and to take a vote on the same," which petition prays that a vote be caused to be taken at all the voting places of said county, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the qualified voters, as to whether they are in favor of the first section of said act; and whereas, by virtue of the second section of said act, it is made the duty of the Judge of said court, upon the presentation to him of such petition, as is herein referred to, to cause a poll to be opened at the various voting precincts of said county, for the purpose of taking the sense of the qualified voters on the proposition, whether they are, or not, in favor of the provisions of the first section of said act;—now, pursuant to the premises, it is hereby ordered that the vote, taken for the purpose aforesaid, be taken between the hours of 6 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M., on the first Monday next, to wit, August 12th, at the several voting places required by law, and designated by usage, as the places for holding general elections. Said vote shall be taken by the officers authorized by law to hold elections for State officers under the same rules and restrictions.

The poll-books furnished by the clerk of the court for the county aforesaid, to each voting precinct, shall have, in addition to the columns now required by law, two other separate and distinct columns, one of which shall be headed, IS FAVOR OF THE LIQUOR LAW, and the other, AGAINST THE LIQUOR LAW, and it shall be the duty of the several clerks of said election to record the votes of those who are favorable to the first section of said act, in the first-named column, and the votes of those who are against the said section of said act, in the last-named column; and the officers of said election are directed to certify the result, in manner and form as is now required by law, for the certificate of a poll-book of other elections held by law.

It is finally ordered that the sheriff of said county give at least TWENTY days' notice of such election, by printed advertisements posted at all the voting places of said county.

Done at Stanford, on the day and date above written, in testimony whereof, the official signature of the Judge aforesaid, is hereto affixed.

(Signed) M. C. SAUFLEY, Judge Lincoln County Court.

The Following is a copy of the proclamation of the foregoing order:

A PROCLAMATION!!

WHEREAS, The Judge of the Lincoln county court, on the 27th day of June, 1873, by an order duly made, directed a poll to be opened at the various precincts of said county, to take the sense of the qualified voters of said county, on the question, whether they are, or not, in favor of the first section of an act approved the 19th of April, 1870, entitled "An Act to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors in Lincoln county, and to take a vote on the same,"—now in conformity to the duty imposed upon me by said act, I hereby give notice, that by virtue of the order aforesaid, said vote will be taken between the hours of 6 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M., on the first Monday next, to wit, August 12th, by the officers whose duty it shall be to hold elections for State officers.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto annexed my official signature, this 30th day of June, 1873.

(Signed) W. G. SAUNDERS, Sheriff Lincoln County.

We have received a letter from a female cousin now going to school at Vassar College, and as the paper contains information of a startling character, it is thought best to publish a part of it. After Isaac Edmunds, by the Madison circuit court, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

A DIFFICULTY occurred at Richmond last Tuesday, between two negro boys about twelve years old, in which one was shot and killed.

The Walworth Trial.

The trial of young Frank Walworth for the murder of his father, has brought to light the character of M. Tracy Walworth, and revealed him as one of the veriest blackguards that ever escaped public execution. His widow is an accomplished, virtuous and intelligent lady, the daughter of Col. Hardin, who fell in the hard-fought battle of Buena Vista. Tracy Walworth was a son of the most eminent chancellor of the State of New York ever produced, and from the circumstance of his birth, fortune, family station and education, far better things might have been expected of him than the profane, abusive and dirty letters he habitually addressed to his wife, after he had driven her to the necessity of separation. The frequency and character of these letters to his mother, accusing her of adultery, assailing her with the vilest epithets, and often threatening to destroy her life, induced young Walworth to kill his father. We may indeed—we mean provoked him, ay, even made it necessary for him to do so. When the news first flashed across the country, in common with every one, we condemned the act of parricide, and felt that it was one which deserved the severest punishment of the law; but since the letter of Tracy Walworth to the mother of his child has been made public, we can but feel that if young Walworth deserves hanging, it is because he did not take the life of the fiend who was daily tormenting his mother, sooner than he did. If the flung obscenity of Billingsgate were called, it could scarcely furnish a parallel to the filth, indecency and profanity of the language in which this foul-mouthed villain was in the habit of addressing his wife—and she, at all times, the equal of any lady in the whole land.

The defense have undertaken to establish the plea of insanity. This seems to us puerile. If young Walworth was insane previous to, and at the time he committed the act, the supposition is that he would never have been aroused to the desperate pitch of parricide. He would either have been insane or a brute, and he failed to act as he did. How a jurymen, who remembers he was born of a woman, could fail to see in the conduct of young Frank Walworth, viewed in the light of his father's letters, not only excuse, but justification, is past the comprehension of any man who looks upon the science of law as the handmaid of civilization.

Latest Cholera News.

Six hundred persons had died of cholera in Nashville up to the 26th ult. The disease has gradually diminished in Nashville and Memphis this week—only three deaths being reported on Wednesday. It is prevailing to a great extent along low creek bottoms in Tennessee. At Springfield, Chattanooga, Memphis, and Shelbyville, Tenn., the disease is raging to some extent, and proving very fatal. A few cases have appeared at St. Louis and Little Rock. Ten deaths from cholera were reported at Cincinnati Wednesday. In Franklin, Kentucky, there is great excitement over the appearance and fatality of cholera, and over four hundred families have fled from their homes.

THE TRIAL OF YOUNG WALWORTH.

The trial of young Walworth terminated last Wednesday, and the jury committed the unpardonable sin against justice, decency and "youthful manhood" of returning a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. New York has heretofore shown great tenderness in the punishment of her criminals, but if the penalty of the law is inflicted upon this boy for slaying an inebriate fiend, how terribly has she changed from bad to worse.

A MOSTER diabolical deed occurred on the first inst., at New Orleans, between R. B. Rhett, editor of the New Orleans Picayune, and ex-Judge Wm. Cooley. The latter fell, mortally wounded. The former was the challenging party, and they fought with double-barrel shot guns, loaded with ball, at a distance of forty paces.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE HUNDRED years ago next August, the hand of the pale-face first disturbed the site where the city of Louisville now stands.

PRESIDENT GRANT ARRIVED IN CINCINNATI.

PRESIDENT Grant arrived in Cincinnati on Thursday last, and proceeded immediately to the bedside of his sick father.

BEN JOHNSON, JR., WAS CONVICTED.

After Isaac Edmunds, by the Madison circuit court, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

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HON. ED. B. WOOLRIDGE IS THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SENATOR OF THE LEXINGTON DISTRICT.

and will give Goodloe the closest race he ever ran.

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE NAUTICAL MILES OF THE NEW CABLE HAD BEEN SUCCESSFULLY LAID FROM THE GREAT EASTERN AT VOON OF JUNE 25.

It is stated that a movement is on foot to create a new county from portions of Muhlenberg, Todd and Butler counties, with Carrollton as the county seat.

JAMES R. GRANT, FATHER OF PRESIDENT GRANT, DIED IN COVINGTON, OF GENERAL DEBILITY, ON THE 28TH ULT.

The Library Gift Concert takes place next Tuesday.

FRED DOUGLASS will attend the colored Fair at Shelbyville, in September.

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ANOTHER NEW STOCK.

—OF—
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

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ALL SELLING VERY CHEAP.

New Styles and Fabrics in Dress Goods!

As Elegant Stock of
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FURNITURE!
WALL-PAPER and WINDOW-SHADES.
CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS and HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS!
Main Street, Stanford, Ky.
E. B. HAYDEN.

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SOMERSET, KENTUCKY,
Keeps constantly on hand one of the Largest and best selected stocks of
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Ladies will find my stock of Mourning Cloths, Caps, Collars, Veils, &c. very

attractive. I am prepared to offer very decided advantages in the way of importing goods at cheap prices, while my past

care as a merchant has best known my old customers and the citizens of Palmyra generally, that, while intending to maintain business, my desire is to please and gratify the public, both in price and the very best quality of goods, that our best give satisfaction.

I will pay the highest market price for—
FEATHERS, BEESWAX, TALLOW, COTTON, FLAX,
SEED, BEANS, WOOL, BACON, LARD,
WHEAT, RICE, PEAS, LINSEY, FLAX LINEN,
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I receive many thanks for past favors, and most respectfully ask a continuance of patronage.

Full and price my goods, and if I have not what you want, I will order whatever you wish.

W. A. COLLIER.

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ON the turnpike road from Danville to Stanford, 8 miles from the latter place, containing 19 Acres, well watered, and a comfortable dwelling of 1 room and all necessary outbuildings, all of which are new. A never-failing spring, a young orchard of choice fruit, and a large barn, all in good condition. O. H. WATKINS, Stanford, Kentucky.

NEW FIRM

A. G. PENDLETON. W. H. HOCKER.
PENDLETON & HOCKER,
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TIN-WARE,
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Stoves, Iron, Horse Shoes,
Steel, Nails, Bolts, etc.

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MANUFACTURERS,

WAREHOOM,
Rudd's Block, Second and Jefferson,
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PARTIES DESIRING TO PURCHASE A
First-Class Piano
will do well and
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10 YEARS.

Interpreted by T. W. Brown, Dr. T. W. Brown, and W. H. H. Craddock, by
New York and London, a certificate of information given by T. W. C. MONTGOMERY, Esq., Stanford, Ky.

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SUPPLY STORE,

—ON—
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CRAB ORCHARD, KY.
OFFICE—Up stairs to Bank's Building.

M. C. SAUFLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
OFFICE—In Courtroom Building.

D. J. DENTON, **WILL C. CURR,**
DENTON & CURR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SOMERSET, KY.

Will attend to all business connected with the sale of real estate, and the preparation of legal documents.

